

THE  
**London BELLES:**  
OR, A  
**DESCRIPTION**  
OF THE  
Most Celebrated **BEAUTIES**  
In the **METROPOLIS** of  
**GREAT BRITAIN.**

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*The Ladies Names.*

- |                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 Mrs. Goulston's,  | 23 Lady Child, Widow. |
| 3 Mrs. Ward,        | 26 Mrs. Rawlinson,    |
| 4 Mrs. Dashwood,    | 27 Mrs. Houblon,      |
| 5 Mrs. Ellick,      | 29 Mrs. Child,        |
| 6 Mrs. Maddocks,    | 30 Mrs. Gore,         |
| 7 Mrs. Richmond,    | 31 Mrs. Shepherd.     |
| 8 Mrs. Lenton,      | 32 Mrs. Asburst,      |
| 9 Mrs. Furnesse,    | 33 Mrs. Beckford,     |
| 12 Mrs. Bull's,     | 34 Mrs. Benson,       |
| 13 Mrs. Vernon,     | 35 Mrs. Crawley,      |
| 14 Mrs. Stringer,   | 36 Mrs. Newland,      |
| 15 Mrs. Thompson,   | 37 Mrs. Way,          |
| 18 Mrs. Crafford's, | 38 Mrs. Eyre,         |
| 19 Mrs. Duport,     | 39 Mrs. Dodwell,      |
| 20 Mrs. Buckle,     | 40 Mrs. Davis,        |
| 21 Mrs. Lawrence,   | 41 Mrs. Jackson.      |
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L O N D O N,

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London **BELLES, &c.**

**T**H O' greater Stars, plac'd in a higher Sphere,  
By their vast distance don't so Bright appear;  
Lights of less Magnitude look high & clear.

The Rays that shoot from *Beauty's* piercing Sun,  
Thro' ev'ry Clime with equal Force do run:  
Men, like Idolators, her Rising do adore,  
And own themselves the *Creatures* of her Pow'r.  
So Adam did when Eden was his own,  
Paid his first Off'ring to the Female Throne;  
*Eve* first receiv'd the Homage of his Knees,  
By whom he lost his *Immortality*.  
Thus he entail'd upon his *Mortal Race*,  
The same Devotion to a *Beauteous Face*.  
And thus Mankind, who Boast of *Liberty*,  
Are but the *Slaves* of ev'ry *Glaucous She*.

Since *Beauty* then's the *Sun* we call *Divine*,  
And cannot live but when she's pleas'd to shine;

*The London Bells.*

How can our *Opticks* so much Lustre bear,  
Of many shining in one Hemisphere?

The *Sun* himself one Orb alone controuls,  
But *Beauty* thro' a thousand Orbits rousls,  
And Scorns to be confin'd to both the Poles.

Aid then, my willing Muse, ye *Sacred Nine*,  
Lest she debase the Image made *DIVINE*;  
And by her Artless Lays prophane the Name  
Of *Beauty*, Dear to *Poetry* and *Fame*;  
Whose *Trumpet* loud did Echo forth her Praise,  
When *Nymphs* Crown'd all the Happy *Swains* with Bays;  
And *Shepherds* then, that Worship'd on the Plain,  
Was Destin'd, afterwards, as *Gods*, to Reign.  
*Pan* thus was rais'd, whom *Shepherds* do Adore,  
Because he Worship'd *Beauty* here before.  
So *Hellas* was to *Paris* giv'n the Prize,  
For owning but the Power of *Venus's* Eyes;  
So just is *Beauty* to her *Votaries*.  
But if we *Statutes* make, not *Goddesses* create,  
We must take care of *Niobe's* sad Fate;  
Be chang'd to Senseless Stone, that Justice share,  
From what we would be thought, to be made what we are:  
*Mortals* too Charming to approach the Shrine,  
Where *Lights*, not made with Hands, do daily Shine;  
*Tapers*, not Faint and Glimmering, but Bright  
As *Venus*, midst the lesser Stars, at Night.



## The London Belles.

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So Sparkling Eyes their Lustre do display,  
Their *Sleep's* the *Night*, their *Waking* makes the *Day*.

If Eyes such Magick round about them throw,  
What Pleasure does in Curling Tresses grow?  
Such soft Enchantment's spread in ev'ry Hair,  
Like Winding Shades we lose our Senses there;  
Till on the Blooming Cheeks we cast our Eye,  
And Blush our selves to see the *Crimson* die,  
That Nature has unerring on them thrown,  
Fresh as the *Rose* just at the Sun-rise blown:  
Fair as the Dawning Day the Skin is spread,  
And so adorns the whole with streaks of Red.  
Like *Ivory Pillors*, *Teeth* in order grow,  
Proceeding from the *Coral Gums* below;  
Cover'd with Lips, whose Lustre does out-shine  
The *Ruby*, or the Beautiful *Carmine*.  
And that Variety might be exprest,  
No *Swan's* so white a *Neck*, or soft a *Breast*  
As Woman, that is Excellently Fair,  
For Nature Triumphs in her Bounty there;  
Which she's bestow'd, not only for to please,  
But as a kind Repose to give Man ease:  
On that *Indulgent Pillow* once laid down,  
*Monarchs* forget the Glories of a *Crown*,  
And *Heroes* all their Dangers undergone.

B

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The *Statesman* of This Seat of Joy posselt,  
No longer thinks what may the State molest,  
But reckons on himself securely blest.

If such Enchantment lie in one soft part,  
What wond'rous *Magick* centers in the Heart?  
Diffusing round its Influence ev'ry where,  
In Looks, in Words, in Gesture, and in Air,  
In Shape, in Mein, in ev'ry Graceful Turn,  
The Fire is kindled, and the Passions burn.  
How does the Hand move ev'ry Vital part,  
And steal in gently to the Lover's Heart?  
With equal Force, Unguarded Man surprize,  
And make as sure a Conquest as the Eyes,  
Whose pointed Darts no Mortal yet withstood,  
They wound at distance, yet infect the Blood,  
And Revel there without the least controul,  
Till all the Poison reach the very Soul.

So GOULSTON's Eyes the Power of Beauty show,  
And spread their Influence round 'em as they go;  
Quick kindling Flames in both of them appear,  
Out-shining the Rich *Brillants* that they wear;  
Yet Soft and Languishing these *Charmers* look,  
As if they had these *Airs* from Britain took:  
A Soil so Fertile, with Fair *Beauties* sown,  
We're apt to think there are none but our own:  
But here two Noble Bright, Examples shine,  
And show th' Extensiveness of *Beauties* Line.

But



But yet if *Beauty* grow in Foreign Soils;  
 ALBION's an Empire where she always Smiles,  
 While as her *Cretan-Cliffs* her Natives are,  
 Or as the First-Born Light, Divinely Fair,  
 As *WARD's* Complexion, or as *DASHWOOD's* Hair.  
 As both their Eyes *Cerulean* Lights, dispence,  
 And Charm with unaffected Innocence.

But see the Goddess of our Vows appears,  
 Which such a Solemn Garb of *Vertue* wears,  
 We warm with *Love*, and chill again with *Fears*,  
 ELLICK, *Augusta* cries! ELLICK's the Name,  
 Her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Soul's the same;  
 All Beautiful, and Exquisitely Bright,  
 No Spot or Stain disturbs the Curious Sight,  
 But when we gaze, still 'tis with fresh Delight;  
 And when she speaks, the Musick of her Tongue,  
 Pleases beyond the force of *Tostler's* Song;  
 Each Motion too, has some peculiar Grace,  
 That takes beyond anothers Fairer Face;  
 Her Step, her Easie Gate, her Active Feet,  
 Tie down our Eyes, the Nimble Charm to meet.

'Tis pity *Mottoux*, thou art now no more,  
 The Idol which the City must adore;  
 Those Charms which sent their Killing Beams Abroad,  
 And call'd from Court each Youthful Am'rous Lord,

Are Buried now, in thy late *Nuptial Bed*,  
 Where all thy *Virgin Innocence* is laid;  
 That was the Sweet that call'd the Buyer in,  
 The Purchase now is greater by the Sin:  
 How e'er thy *Looks*, *Engaging Dress*, and *Air*,  
 Will give the *Lover's Hope*, you no *Despair*.

While Rigid *Vertue* Reigns in *RICHMOND's Eyes*,  
 Her *Breast* is Tender, and her *Conduct* Wise;  
 Soft Languishing her *Looks*, her *Soul* Sincere,  
 Yet no Ill-Natur'd *Smiles* are Regent there;  
 But gentle *Goodness* makes her *Aspect* Kind,  
 And *Beauty* wantons in her *Face* and *Mind*.

**L**ENTON puts on a true *Majestick Grace*,  
 That carries *Grandure* in a *Lovely Face*;  
 Yet with such *Tenderness* are drawn the *Lines*,  
 In every *Feature* some *Good-Nature* shines;  
 Her *Killing Eyes* shoot out such *Fetter'd Darts*,  
 They wound so gently, that they melt all *Hearts*.  
 The *Flame* that kindles in her *Peaceful Breast*  
 Burns others up, but only warms herself to *Rest*.

**F**URNESS, *Augusta's* sprightly *Venus* see,  
 She only wants the little *Deity*,  
 To show she's *Goddes* of the *Charming Race*,  
 Since *Youth* and *Beauty* Revel in her *Face*;

Native



## The London Belle.

*Native Simplicity* her *Vertue* owns,  
And *Winning Charms* are pregnant in her *Frocks*.

See *BULL*'s *Completions*, and that pleasing *Bloom*  
That from the sweets of *Innocence* does come;  
*Easie*, *Gentle*, from the *Reserv'd* bred free,  
The wond'rous *Charm* of *Modest Liberty*,  
A thousand different ways these *Beauties* move,  
To all Degrees of *Vertue* and of *Love*.

*VERNON*'s agreeable in ev'ry *Turn*,  
Her easie *Air* 'tis makes the *Lovers* *Burn*;  
So unaffected ev'ry thing appears,  
No *Dress*, but is *Genteel*, that *VERNON* wears;  
And if she let her *Eyes* extend their *Power*,  
The *Swain* is wretched that her *Charms* Adore.

But hold, — take care my *Mist*,  
Lest *STRINGER*'s *Matchless Beauty* thou abuse;  
And with two *Rash* a *Hand* sully the *Fair*,  
And *Faultless Form* of *Studious Nature's* care;  
We know not which *Excels* her *Shape* or *Air*.  
Her *Careless Mein*, her soft *Engaging Look*,  
Which yet for *Infant Bembes* might be too bold;  
So *Tender* she is touch'd in ev'ry part,  
None wou'd willingly resist his *Heart*.

THOMAS

**THOMPSON's** Good-Nature has a winning Grace,  
 That equally affects us, as her Face;  
 Which, with a Shape so easie, Artless joyn'd,  
 Shows us the equal Freedom of her Mind;  
 So from a well appointed Dress is seen  
 The Sense of *Fifty*, Air of *Seventeen*.

**CRAFFORD's** are like the *Fatal Sisters Three*,  
 In Number equal, not in Quality,  
 These are our Wishes, those our Destiny.  
 The First, we justly may admire for Sense,  
 In Humane-kind the chiefest Excellence.  
 Next that, *Proportion* is the kindling Fire,  
 And *Shape* the Loadstone that attracts Desire;  
 All these at last Center'd in Youthful Charms,  
 Procure the Coldest Lovers to their Arms:  
 But where such bright Perfections shine  
 In each distinct, and each in Nature fine,  
 We cannot think 'em much less than Divine.

**DUPORT's** agreeable engaging way  
 Enclines my Muse to make a strict survey,  
 Observe the taking Beauties that arise,  
 Both from her unaffected *Mien* and *Eyes*:  
 And when she's pleas'd to Dance, her Motion's such,  
 We never think she can perform too much:  
 So Graceful 'tis she moves, and yet so Free,  
 Her Ease she Expresses in her Liberty.



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If *Youth*, and all the Charms that from it rise,  
Have power to fix a wand'ring *Lover's Eyes*,  
*BUCKLE* has that, and ev'ry pleasing *Grace*  
That *Beauty* gives us in a *Shape* or *Face*.  
Her moving *Eyes* direct us to admire,  
But 'tis her *Blushes* sets our *Hearts* on *Fire*.

See now how *Art* and *Nature* both are kind,  
In two Bright Sisters intimately joyn'd:

The *LAWRENCE'S* their *Fragrant Charms* express,  
While all Mankind their *Influence* confess;  
Darts from their piercing *Eyes* like *Light'ning* fly,  
And scatter *Wild Contagion* thro' the *Sky*.  
Such *Lovely Features*, and such *Charming Hair*,  
Shining, and *Black* as *Raven's Feathers* are,  
Are *Foils* invincible that *Nature* does prepare;  
And by unerring *Methods* to us shows,  
The choicest *Beauties* in her *Gardens* grows.

So *CHILD* appears the *Loveliest* of her *Kind*,  
T' whom *Nature* has so large a *Portion* joyn'd,  
A *Beauteous Body*, and a *God-like Mind*.  
Fair as the *Heaven's* is her *Complexion* seen,  
Artless her *Dress*, *Unstudied* is her *Mein*;  
Free from a *Formal*, and *Consulted Air*,  
The *Natural* and the *Easie* are her *Care*.

The **RAWLINSON**'s free from an Air precise,  
 Unpractic'd in the Arts of *Female Vice*,  
 Are in their Dress Genteel, their Conduct Wise.  
*Beauty* is not a vain Fantastick thing,  
 But unaffected does its Pleasure bring.  
 Here 'tis that Satisfaction we may find,  
 When Nature to a Large and Bounteous Mind,  
 Agreeably has Sense and Humour join'd.

Bright **HOUBLON** moves with irresistible Air,  
 Her Form's engaging, as her Face is fair;  
 No Charm she wants but that of *Pitying Love*,  
*Beauty* does now its Pow'r too forward prove,  
 Unless the Nymph she to Compassion move.

But see the **CHILD**'s conform to **JUNO**'s Grace,  
 Show Airs of *Pride*, surpass a *Venus Face*:  
 Majestick Greatness in a Woman's Soul,  
 More than the finest *Beauty* does controul:  
 From meanest Actions it preserves the Fair,  
 And forces *Vertue* to a watchful Care;  
 To Honour's Rules it is the surest Tye,  
 And suffers nought but Decence Liberty.

The softness which in **GORE**'s fair Eyes we see,  
 Admits of nought but tender *Pity*;  
 No other Inclination can we find,  
 But Gentle Nature, Innocently kind.



## The London Ballet

Charms, which *Seraphick Pleasure* must move,

And wou'd invite an *Angel* to her *Love*.

What *Mortal* can behold the *Pleasing Air*

In *JACKSON*, and not own the *Lowely Fair*?

Where such bright *Charms* are in her *Face* display'd,

She, tho' a *Wife*, Triumphs as if a *Maid*;

Who views her well, the *Object* must admire,

Her *Beauteous Hand* alone procures *Desire*,

And ev'ry *Feature* in her carries *Fire*.

*SHEPHERD* delights us with a well fraught *Mind*,

For *Youth* and *Wit*, with so much *Goodness* joyn'd,

Are *Charms* that surely *Captivate* Mankind.

What wond'rous *Influence* must they then dispense,

When they are mix'd with *Beauty* and with *Sense*?

*ASHURST* the *Darling Fav'rite* of the *Town*,

Commands *Augusta* with a *fullen Frown*;

Such *Pow'r* has *Woman* that is *Charming Fair*,

*Mankind* is vainly pleas'd with ev'ry *Air*

She sends forth from her *Killing Eyes*, they look

When she is *Angry*, as if *Thunder-struck*;

But when she *Smiles*, what *Pleasure* 'tis we see,

As if she was some little *Deity*,

That *Fires* our *Souls* with *Love* and *Extasie*.

## *The London Beller.*

So **BECKFORD** gives the admiring World delight,  
Her Lovely Form, like Angels Gay and Bright,  
Strikes us with wonder at th' approaching Sight:  
So quick she moves with a becoming Pace,  
We scarce can Judge the most *Excelling Grace*,  
Her *Easie Manner*, or her *Beauteous Face*.  
Nature so Nicely both has interwove,  
We know not which do most procure ones *Love*;  
But this we know, and by Experience find,  
She's not so *Beautiful* as she's *Unkind*.

**BENSON** has sparkling Eyes, whose *Magick Pow'r*,  
A Thousand Worshippers each Day adore;  
The *Sun* himself, each Morn, at his up-rise,  
Receives not half that *Godlike Sacrifice*.  
The *Lovers* here such *Idolizers* are,  
They weep to find a *Deity* so Fair;  
And yet so *Cruel* to refuse their Prayer.  
When all they move for by their Fond Address,  
Is her's, as well as their own Happiness.

What e'er's *Engaging, Charming, Young, or Fair*,  
Are in the Tender Features writ of *ETRE*;  
Such Pow'r her Eyes have to move ev'ry *Heart*,  
Each Glance she casts at Mankind is a *Dart*;  
Each Look's a *Charm*, and ev'ry *Smile's a Grace*,  
That wanton in the *Beauties* of her *Blooming Face*.



**CRAWLEY** the Muses can't enough commend;  
 So much a Sister, and so much a Friend;  
 Wit joyn'd to Beauty must needs clearer shine  
 Since one is by the other made Divine  
 What Off'ring great enough then can we pay,  
 To such an Altar, such a Daily  
 Where Virtue shines so exquisitely bright,  
 Her Image, like Heaven's Glorious Light,  
 Surprizes, so we cannot bear its sight.

**WAT**'s pretty little Innocence must please,  
 For that's a Charm that moves a Thousand ways;  
 A Thousand Beauties in her we adore,  
 For which Ten thousand suffer every Hour.

But **NEW LAND**, like the Spring, still Fresh and Gay,  
 Her Orient Charms each Morning does display,  
 And Reigns the Object of our Wishes all the Day.  
 No sooner her Meridian Lustre shines,  
 But it appears, like Silver Oar, in baser Mines,  
 Such lasting Brightness nothing can distain  
 Her Snowy Skin, or Lips so dy'd in Grain.

Now Muse prepare all thy Poetick Art,  
 And study only to describe a part  
 Of Charming **DODWELL**; for the Beauteous whole,  
 Wou'd be too great a Task for such a Soul.

## The London Belles.

Her Native Shape, her Artful Dress enflam'd;  
 The Younger Sister she, the brighter Dame;  
 But see at once her languishing soft Eyes,  
 She looks but gently, and the Lover dies;  
 If thus Men Perish, when she casts them down,  
 They wou'd consume to Ashes at her Frown.

DAVIS! alas my Muse can say no more!

The Idol once the Merchants did adore,  
 Not has she still less Beauty, tho' less Pow'r.

Fled from her Temple, they her Absence Mourn,

And sigh and wish in vain for her return.

Oh, cou'd my Verse the wish'd for Nymph restore,

More Worshippers she'd have than heretofore,

Venus herself at Delos did adore.

F I N I S.



### Advertisement.

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